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An Iowa Woman in Wartime

M. A. Rogers

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By Mrs. M. A. Rogers

The further recollections of Mrs. Marjorie Ann (Graham) Rogers, which originally appeared in the *Grand Army Advocate* in 1894, are reprinted from a scrapbook owned by her granddaughter, Mrs. Anne Fisher Lindsay.

PART II

Home and Homely Cares

We arrived home safely, very tired and hungry. We were not called on to report at once as our president was too ill to attend to business and we needed some rest. I found my dear Frank, the oldest man of the family, very sick with tonsilitis. I called the best physician in town and he decided the tonsils must be removed but had no instrument. I gave him the money and he sent an order to Chicago for one. I knew he would not hear from Chicago for several days, and so I telegraphed my husband asking if I should have the operation. He said, "No, use antimony salve." I did so and the dear boy was relieved in a few hours to our great relief and gratitude. Dr. Bunce was greatly surprised and very thankful too as he only recommended the operation in extreme cases. I gave him the instrument, did not even look at it, and was only too glad we did not have to use it. Frank recovered rapidly and was ready for school again.

As soon as our president was able to be out, he called a meeting. Our room was full. All were anxious to hear the report and great satisfaction was manifested by all, and it was a new incentive to work for our boys, feeling they would receive through the Christian Commission whatever was forwarded to them. It was a relief and comfort to each and especially to the Governor, who was so anxious that justice be done our soldiers and our state honor by so doing, and now we were to reorganize and go to work systematically. Committees were appointed to take charge of each branch of the work, also a chairman for each to see that the work was well and faithfully performed.

We were to canvass the whole town and county asking for contributions. Beans were especially needed, dried fruit of

all kinds, dried beef, butter, pickles, sauerkraut, and clothing, old linen bandages; socks were to be knit; night shirts for the hospital and handkerchiefs were greatly needed for the sick. Small white bags were made by the little girls and filled with a small quantity of dried fruit for those who were in bed with fever. All this work was divided up, not only to systematize it but to make it lighter and pleasanter and easier for our beloved president whose health was failing, and we could not afford to lose him. If we could only have his counsel and advice, we would willingly do the work.

Vicksburg Hallelujahs

Our telegraph office was at Tama City, two miles away. I frequently sent and received messages in this way. I sent the boys down with a dispatch and they brought back one for me. It contained the news of the fall of Vicksburg. It had been heard in Tama City and the bells were ringing. As soon as I read it, I took it (with the children all following me) up to headquarters. The flag was soon floating in the breeze over the store and the church bells and school bells were ringing, and everything that would make a noise was brought into requisition. Schools and offices were closed. The men had a big demonstration lasting well into the night celebrating our victory. The women had a prayer and praise meeting.

Pretty soon after the bells began their glad tidings, a neighbor came riding past at a breakneck speed, bareheaded. I saw him coming, stepped to the door and waved my handkerchief, but he only shook his head and waved back as much as to say, "Don't stop me. I am going to ride clear down to Vicksburg to shake hands with the boys." This was what he told his wife. She wanted him to wait for her, but he could not, so she said, "Hurry back and tell me the news." She became so enthused she took her best dishpan and an iron poker and drummed the pan to death. The music was so inspiring she put on her sunbonnet and came along alone.

I had come home to rest and think of the wonderful times in which we were living and of the many, many sad homes this battle would make in the north and south, and was feeling nervous when our dear neighbor, Mrs. Davis, came rushing in to tell me she "could not stay at home another minute. I had

no one to shout with me and I have used up my dishpan and Frank has got to get another. If I only had a drum I would be all right. I have just got to stay with you where I can hear the bells ring," and so she chatted away. She was a happy, jolly woman and very patriotic, and manifested it in every possible way. She was also very helpful in our commission. We had a cup of tea and lunch. The children came in for something to eat and to tell the news. They could not afford the time for a regular dinner but took it in their hands and ate as they ran. I told them to find Mr. Davis and tell him there was someone at the house who wished to see him. He had lost his hat on the way down, had not had time to stop to pick it up and would just as soon not have it on anyway as it dampened his enthusiasm. He came in soon, still without a hat. His wife had found the hat on her way down and brought it with her. We persuaded him to take a lunch and his hat; if he was going to ride to Vicksburg that night, he would need both. His wife bade him goodbye and the only thing she required of him was a new pan.

The day ended with bonfires, and the Doxology never was sung from more sincere hearts or with "more understanding" also as on this day. When the singing ceased, someone would start up again and again, then would sing the Coronation, then the Doxology. The war songs that had reached us did not seem to coincide with our feelings; everyone felt like shouting "Glory to God! Hallelujah!"

I soon received the good news from my husband with a detailed account of his own work. He was given charge of the hospital after the surrender and remained in charge for several months. He knew just what the poor boys liked and needed better than we did, and gave us many useful hints. His letters helped us in our work very much. If we wished a particular box sent to Vicksburg, we would ask the commission to consign it to that particular hospital and they would do so, as some of our Iowa boys were there.

After this victory, the soldiers were allowed a short furlough as they could be spared, and several officers living in our city visited their families. We were very proud of them in their handsome uniforms, and they were handsome men. In

conversation with one of them, he said his wife was so lonely he could not bear the thought of leaving her here again, but would sell his home if he could and take her to Pennsylvania to her mother, as she had no children to care for and comfort her. I had been thinking of buying a home in town and had proposed it to the Doctor. He feared I might need the money for our comfort, but said, "Do just as you think best." This was the first opportunity I had, and heard his terms and price. I consulted with my brother, who approved of my plan, and the children were delighted. He did not want to give possession of the house for several weeks, or as long as his furlough lasted.

New Home and New Duties

We now lived on a corner, the main street passing in front of the house, and nearly opposite was a hotel. The landlord kept the only team that could be hired in case of an emergency. I received word from the man on the farm to come up as he had an opportunity to sell the potatoes and corn to a German who had purchased a farm nearby, and as I needed some of the corn for my cow, chickens and pig, I hired his team for one dollar per day if I would furnish a driver. I said I would do the driving myself if everything was right about the harness and wagon. He said all was new and strong and the horses were fat and strong and could draw all I wished to bring, so he put on some sideboards and told me to look out for the horses going out to the farm with an empty wagon, as they were very spirited. He said that for another dollar he would go and drive, but did not know how he could leave his business. "Oh," I said, "I have been accustomed to driving and riding horses all my life and am not at all afraid." I thought of the dollar I would save, but he went up to the post office to enquire of my brother in regard to my ability to handle his team. My brother assured him he could trust me and said that of course my driving had not been on the top of a load of corn, but he saw other women coming into town every day, soldiers' wives taking their produce to market, and what they could do I would not be afraid to undertake.

I had never known a hardship or had a want unsupplied in my life. My girlhood life was a pleasant dream, my married

life a beautiful reality. I was happy and free in the latter as in the former, with beloved Christian parents, brothers and sisters. Now a change had come to us all—life was real and we were to meet all its changes; how much grace we needed.

Frank, my big boy, was to accompany me on this our first expedition (not our last). The team was brought around very early. We had breakfast and my little housekeeper had prepared a nice lunch, as our ride would be a long one. The morning was cold but very pleasant and we started off in high spirits, all waving us a goodbye. Even my good brother Tommy was there to see us off and told me that if I brought more than my new crib would hold to bring the rest to him. He had an idea I would not bring a full load as I would not care to ride so high. The horses felt in good spirits, just the kind I liked to drive. I would let Frank hold the lines going up the hills for we had several ravines to cross before we came to the level prairie. We got over the ground lively when I was driving and got out to the farm and all loaded up before noon and ready to start home after dinner, as we had promised the children and everybody we would be home before dark. The man thought I had better not take a full load as the hills were so steep and the horses so frisky. I told him that I was not going to be laughed at because I was a woman—I would take the same as a man.

I did not think I was getting enough for the potatoes and corn, so did not decide to sell to the German without knowing how much more I could get in town if delivered and if it would pay me to hire the team and do the driving myself. I could tell after I made a trip or two. The corn was nicely cribbed and the potatoes under shelter. I would need a load for myself as I wished to provide vegetables for a few families, soldiers' widows, and my brother would like a load providing he could have them brought to him, as he had no help in the office but his young son.

So we started for home. The horses did not find it such fun going back, but knew they were going home and whenever they could trot along, I let them do so, but our elevated position almost made me dizzy. I became accustomed to it after a while and before we came to the bluffs, but I confess I had

rather not drive down those steep hills. If there had been a man to do me the favor of driving down the hills, I would have appreciated it but men were scarce and especially when needed (like a policeman). When we arrived at the top of the first hill, Frank said the men at the farm had told him to put on the brake. Well, I had not heard anything about it and did not know its use, so we got down and Frank explained it to me, then said he guessed he had better drive and I might walk down. He was afraid I might fall off, blessed boy. We mounted and drove very carefully and slowly and arrived safely in town.

I had to drive right through the business part of town to my brother's office, as he was going to unload for me. It was about dark and the gentlemen were waiting for their mail when I drove up. They needed a little surprise and now they had it. One came up and held the horses by the head, while another ran in his store for a step ladder, while two others came to help me down as I was a woman and accustomed to being waited on. I declined their kindness and said I would get down the same as a man did if I could do a man's work. I saw how Frank climbed down over the wheel when we stopped at the top of the hill, so I followed his directions and was soon on the ground on the opposite side of the wagon.

They examined my corn and told me it was the best corn and largest load that had been brought in, and several offered to buy all I had to sell if I would deliver it. They unloaded it and took the team home. I went around and paid the man, who said to let him know whenever I needed the horses again. I felt very glad and considered myself very fortunate in having so good a neighbor, and just across the other street on the south, I had another neighbor who was not only a neighbor but a friend whose kindness I had felt.

Several years before the war my aged father had come to Iowa to spend the winter with his four children. He was taken sick with a sudden cold and died of pneumonia at my sister's house. This lady lived near her at the time and was exceedingly kind to us in our affliction. I was so glad to be near her now when I spent so many lonely hours, especially when the children were at school, for I was not engaged

away from home. She, like all the rest of us, did her own work with her four little children, one a very young baby. She even made her own garden. I knew she was overdoing and would often bring the little baby and the next one, who was only a baby too and my favorite, and keep them for hours. Laying the little one in a big chair with the other in my lap, I would soon have them asleep. The dear children helped me to pass many pleasant hours and were a real comfort to me, and the only regret I had at leaving this house was in leaving these little ones and their kind mother. We were to be several blocks from them very soon, as the time would soon come when we were to take possession of our new home.

The Bradfords

A family had arrived in our town from the South; they were Eastern people. The gentleman was a lawyer. They were loyal but did not leave the South quite soon enough. He was suspected and made to take the oath of allegiance to the South, with the understanding he might be permitted to remove his wife and two little boys outside the rebel lines. He got permission to take them the next week. He had a team and that night he packed his trunks and a case of books from his large library, and as soon as it was dark, he loaded all in his wagon, his wife and children remaining awhile in the house keeping the lights burning. The husband named a place to meet him where, if they arrived there safely, the danger was past, as the rebels had given him a pass to be used while going with his family the next week. He had this pass but did not have to use it, so after a good deal of strategy they all escaped safely and came to our town.

Mrs. Bradford had two brothers living in Marshalltown, one a young man in the office of his brother, a lawyer. They had to leave all their household goods in Tennessee being glad to escape with their lives. There were several other families who came North but not to our town, at the same time. There were rooms found for this family, and our ladies helped make a little home comfortable for these strangers, who had come to us for safety. Before Mr. Bradford had time to get settled in an office, there was a call for more troops. He enlisted with

others and they were sent to Ft. Pillow. He parted with his little family cheerfully, as he was very anxious to do his part in saving the Union. His wife thought she had suffered about all she could while she had her husband, but now he was going never to come back. What a merciful Providence, that there is a veil between us and the future because the present is all we can bear!

Our sanitary work was progressing. The auxiliaries were all in working order and responded nobly to a call for aid. We tried to enlist all men as well as women. The children were already doing nicely. Our new friend and neighbor, Mrs. Bradford, was very enthusiastic and willing to help in every possible way. She realized we were her friends and that she was safe with her two beautiful little boys, one six, the other four. She had been accustomed to all the luxuries of life in her Southern home. Her husband was born in the South but educated in New England, and was always known as a Union man. Their home was in East Tennessee. There were many Union or loyal people living in that part of the state, but all had to leave, many escaping with their lives only.

She had never known want; every wish had been gratified. Her husband had left her all the money he could spare aside from his expenses. In bidding me goodbye, he said, "Will you be a mother to my wife and children?" I said I could not be that to them but we would all do everything possible for them. He said confidentially to me: "If I fall into the hands of the rebels, I shall never come home; there will be nothing for me but death in its worst form." He seemed to have a premonition, but felt that his family was safe and it was a great comfort to him.

When he enlisted, the county officers very kindly proposed to give his family assistance as they had the other soldiers' families. He said that he had not told his wife of this arrangement and wished I would do so. I watched for an opportunity, hoping she would confide in me, but her pride would not let her. I finally told her she must let Mrs. Dodd (the minister's wife) know if she needed anything, and she promised. She was on the committee with Mrs. Dodd to look after the sewing and they were excellent friends. She said she could teach

music and would like to. She had left a fine instrument in the South but it was destroyed with all their other property. If she could rent a piano, she would feel much better to be doing something for their support, as it might be some time before her husband would be able to send her any money. She had never been accustomed to manual labor, not even the care of her children as everyone in the South kept colored help. Her husband's business was good and nothing hard was required of her. She felt her inability and dependence, as much as she would have liked to be independent and help herself.

Her husband was well-known in the South and a prominent lawyer in East Tennessee, where a brother of his also lived and enlisted in the Union army. Mrs. Bradford seemed greatly depressed at times and finally told me if her husband and brother were captured, no punishment would be too severe, and they would be shown no mercy at the hands of their enemies. She said this thought was like a nightmare to her. Had not this soldier's wife suffered enough already, deprived of her home, her husband and left to struggle alone? Who could find words to comfort her? We could not reach her case with anything we might say, and she seemed haunted by this dread all the time. There was only one remedy, employment requiring all her energy at once.

A piano was rented, Mrs. Dodd and myself each furnishing a scholar, with tuition paid in advance. The work suited her and she proved to be a most excellent teacher. Her pupils increased until she had work enough to keep her busy from morning till night. The associations were just the thing she needed to keep her cheerful. The class of lovely, young, happy girls made her forget herself, for the time at least, and she was very fortunate in securing a good housekeeper who was kind to her and the children and very companionable, taking all the care and burden possible from her.

Moving and an Accident

We were now to take possession of our new home. The repairs were all completed and my good neighbor with his strong team would move our goods the following day. The children had all been down to see that everything was in

proper order, except Anna, the baby. Why she had not been seemed strange as she generally thought she could go anywhere or do anything the boys could. They thought it a good plan to move the chickens in the evening. They all went and Anna running around stepped on what looked like a small box, but proved to be the curb to a large cistern nearly full of water. It was covered loosely with a small square board and as the child sprang on it, it slipped to one side and she dropped down. From instinct she threw out her little arms and a nail held her clothing. Her screams brought Frank quickly, he being the nearest. She was entirely helpless. He pulled her up and out as the others came to the rescue. All were dreadfully frightened and hastened home.

We were all very thankful to a kind Heavenly Father whose merciful care had not permitted this precious child to be taken from us but who had averted this accident before it was too late. Before we could become composed enough to retire, we again committed our lives to His keeping who alone had the power to save. This dear little girl was always delicate and she still trembled. I held her in my arms all night; the least movement wakened her and she was again in her perilous position suspended over that dark, deep cistern, and she never lost her dread of it altogether. A tight platform was immediately placed over it.

We were nicely settled in our new home and my nearest neighbor was this favorite niece who was such a help and comfort to me, but I would miss the dear babies who had helped me pass many pleasant hours. The children had to walk several blocks farther to school; I could only see them one block now as they left me. Little Fred greatly objected to leaving me alone and would often say, "Mother, I had better stay home today, you will be lonesome so far from us." This dear boy was always home first, and the first inquiry was how had I got along without them. This was repeated every day. Coming out of church in the evening, I could feel his little hand reaching for my arm. He was ever on the alert to make me happy as were all the children, but for some reason this precious boy seemed to feel such a responsibility. I was

not only cared for but everything the boys were required to do was faithfully done, nothing neglected.

The old dog had very little business now days, and I really think he enjoyed the leisure. He invariably followed the children to the first corner, then would trot back and watch for and meet them at noon and night. He could not get out of the yard if the gates were shut. We left them open generally so he might have the privilege of this walk and if they became closed by mistake, he would let me know. He kept an eye on me and if an Indian or strange looking person approached either gate, there was an alarm given me. He was as trusty and faithful as ever.

I had been to the farm several times for corn and potatoes. I took Fred and the dog on one trip; they ran about together into every familiar nook and corner. They both were satisfied and ready to go home when I was. The dog seemed disappointed not to find anybody there or anything as it once was, and he was delighted when we started, running ahead, then back, as much as to say "hurry along." Poor little Fred said, "If we could only have seen father there and the old horses! I do not ever want to go again." I did not attempt to carry such large loads as the first was. This work was now all done for the winter and I was very glad as there was so much to be done outside of my own home, work which must not be neglected. Time was pressing and everyone must work in earnest to do the best we could for our boys.

I had been selected to do the canvassing through the county and wished to get through this work before the weather became too cold. There were a few towns I could reach by train where I organized an auxiliary and gave instructions for packing and shipping. This was not hard to do but where I had to drive over the prairie and call at every house, it required a good deal of tact and patience, and grace even, to meet a rebuke or refusal without being, or seeming to be, impatient or surprised that anyone could refuse to aid in such a cause at such a time as this, when in nearly every house a son or husband or brother was missing, was on the battlefield or perhaps in the hospital suffering for the very things we were asking for and so anxious to receive.

I tried to remember I was asking not granting a favor, and not for myself but for those we were in duty bound to help, our suffering soldiers. I generally received kindness and courtesy and what I asked for as far as it was possible, but there were exceptions even in this work, when I would feel ready to faint from being denied or ordered out of the house with a string of abuse after me. I did not count on this when I accepted the work; we were so glad to do everything ourselves we could that we thought everyone else would be when applied to. Everyone in the county knew what we were doing and were notified they might be called on at any time and were asked to be ready with their contributions.

I was oftener insulted by women than men. The men might refuse politely but said little; they had been warned by our sheriff to keep quiet. The community would not allow any treasonable speeches from the copperheads and they became very careful where and when they showed their venom. They were rightly named. They had been holding secret meetings and making treasonable speeches ever since the war commenced, but had been warned they must desist or they would be arrested and punished for treason.

I had occasion to visit two of our auxiliaries. I left home in the morning, taking Frank to drive as it was Saturday, the day I generally went in the country as the children were out of school. I could always have a horse and buggy on that day, unless there was a funeral as the undertaker had the only one I could hire for a dollar a day. He was very kind and always ready to accommodate us. The horse was gentle and Frank had been accustomed to horses when on the farm, so he drove and held the horse when I made a call. The ladies were expecting me and I gave my instructions, which did not detain me very long. These ladies packed and shipped their goods but were expected to send us an itemized bill of goods and amount of cash received, so we could give them credit for the same.

We had driven out one road and wished to come back another so as to take in some families I could visit on my way home. A tub of butter was promised and we would be ready to ship again in a few days. The ladies advised me not to make

many calls on my return as I must necessarily pass several copperhead families, but time was precious and I wanted to accomplish all I could. We were going up hill and through woods, passing small farms frequently. We did not know one family from another. We had nearly reached home when we passed a very neat little white house with an orchard near. The trees were loaded with fruit. I told Frank I would venture to go in and ask for apples to dry. I noticed as I walked up to the house the front blinds were down and I knocked loud thinking the lady might be at the rear of the house. The door opened very suddenly and quickly—I had hardly stopped knocking. They evidently expected a friend and threw the door wide open, when behold a room full of men greeted my vision.

The man was as much surprised as I was. We looked at each other a moment, then he said, "What do you want," and someone pushed the door shut. I backed down off the porch and made my way out of that neighborhood. I went directly to where I was sure of finding a friend and Frank was told to hold the horse again. As soon as I was well inside the door, I told of my escapade and said, "What does it mean?" The lady said, "That house is the headquarters of the copperheads and I am so thankful you did not make your business known; you would surely have been insulted. We hardly feel safe in our own homes and our children are often insulted in passing or while at school." She had her tub of butter ready and would send it. As we were walking out to the gate, we heard a pistol and I missed Frank from the buggy. My heart almost stopped beating for a moment and I thought, "Did they think I might report them and had shot my boy?" I called him, and soon to my relief he came running out of a grove nearby. I said, "Frank, did you hear a pistol?" He said, "Yes, mother, that was me. I fired mine off. I brought it along for fear the copperheads would hurt you."

"Where did you carry it, Frank?"

"In my coat pocket," he said. He had on a grey roundabout with deep pockets on each side. I said, "Where was it when you were playing with the children at noon where we took dinner."

"In my pocket all the time."

"What would you have done if the copperheads had insulted me?"

"I would shoot anybody that would do that; father told us all to take care of you and I will."

I was very cross with the dear boy and told him how wrong it was to carry a loaded pistol. He might have shot himself or me right in the buggy, or he might have killed one of the children accidently; in either case it would be accidental, of course. It was a very dangerous thing to do. I appreciated his love and kindness and desire to protect me, but trembled to think what might have been the consequences.

He said, "There is a boy in our school who insults us every day and he would get thrashed if I was big enough. He ought to be shot. He says he wishes all the Yankee soldiers would be killed and Lincoln too. Now, mother, we boys are not going to stand this much longer when our fathers are down there fighting the 'rebs' to save our country and homes. We surely will have a fight some day, if it takes every boy of us to do it," and the dear child got so excited and nervous he cried. I felt like telling him to give the boy a good whipping, but soothed him instead and felt proud of my little twelve year old man who was so brave, who had so often manifested his loyal principles and was ready to fight for them, but advised patience. I felt quite sure this state of things would not be tolerated much longer.

This "boy" at school was only carrying out his father's spirit who dared not do it himself. The father was a carpenter and a fine workman with a large family to support, but had been suspected for some time. He was closely watched and the boy was notified he must desist his treason talk at school. It was just at this time the Governor had made a proclamation to the effect that treason would be punished wherever found and in whatever form. Our sheriff sent out circulars to every man in the county notifying them there would be no more private assemblies allowed night or day. Any man uttering a word or making a speech detrimental to our government would be arrested and punished as a traitor.

One day the wife of a farmer refused the smallest favor. This man was not allowed to do what his conscience told him

was right because of this woman. I heard on relating this case that he would have enlisted had she allowed him to do so. I felt pity and contempt for such an unmanly man.

I had been out all day and was to make one call only before I reached home. It was very cold but pleasant, and about four o'clock I reached the house. As I was walking up the path I noticed the man going out towards the barn and as soon as he was out of sight of the door, he looked around and raised his hat to me. A storm door had been put up in front so I followed the walk around to the back door. The summer kitchen door was open so I walked in. In passing through this room I noticed there were quantities of smoked ham and dried beef hanging on one side of the room (this circumstance occurred after the assassination of Lincoln). I knocked on the door and a voice said, "Come in." I thought it was not a very pleasant voice or cordial "come in." I entered and before the woman had a chance to deny me, I said, "I see you have plenty of just what we want and need badly for our soldiers." She said, "What's that?" She looked so forbidding that I was frightened but told her it was dried beef. She was furious and told me to get out of the house and "if I wanted anything to go and get the money that was spent in dragging old Abe Lincoln's carcass over the country." These were the very words she used, and then added, "I will tear that old flag down, fluttering over the store sometime, and they will get no more of my trade. I hate it and will not walk under it again." The flag was placed over the door on the roof and floated there all the time, as our headquarters were in the upper room of the building she referred to. Our president ordered it kept there so all might know that we believed in its principles, and there it would remain notwithstanding this woman's threats.

I made no words with this female copperhead but said goodbye as well as I could control my voice. I fear there was bitterness and contempt and I believe pity in my heart that a woman, a wife and mother of grown children could so far forget her womanhood and motherhood as to utter such language about our dead President. I was shocked. Of all I had suffered mentally, of all the sad stories I had listened to, of all the weary days and sleepless nights I had spent, nothing ever seemed to affect me before as the dreadful language of

this wicked woman. I hardly knew how I reached my buggy. I was alone, there was revulsion and reaction, I yielded to my feelings and wept all the way home. I was very glad that the children had not come from school and that I was alone, and especially glad my little thirteen year old man had not been out with me today with his pistol and heard this dreadful language. Nervous headache was a good excuse for retiring early.

My eldest daughter, my little womanly girl, my companion and confidant, my more than child, was the only one I could relate this dark experience to, but not that night. I wished the children to have something pleasant to think of on retiring, if possible, and I generally had some interesting incident to relate after being away all day and would tell them when all together, but this occurrence must not be repeated.

With the great peril our country was in when everything looked dark and uncertain, when all was sadness and mourning and great sorrow everywhere, such an exhibition of hate and from a woman could hardly be comprehended or believed possible. Her husband had been suspected but he dared not say what she dared and did say, but woman as she was, this language would not be tolerated. She should take it back or leave a state where she was enjoying the benefits of a good, loyal government with its blessings and privileges, and was protected by its laws. That she would so belittle and disgrace herself as she had done could not be overlooked. At our board meeting the next day very little business was transacted, as this event must not pass unnoticed. It was decided that that woman should not tear down the flag as she had threatened and should still pass under it if she entered the store again.

She always did her trading with this particular store and on a certain day each week she brought her butter and eggs and exchanged them for groceries. She came as usual and this day with a quantity of smoked meat, bringing it in herself. She laid the sack down with a remark to Mr. Free that he could send it to the soldiers after he had paid her for it but they would get none any other way. She had not forgotten my call and still seemed excited and angry. She handed the merchant an order for goods and he said, "How did you happen to come

in under the flag, why didn't you go around to the back door?" She then repeated what she had said to me in regard to the flag. This was enough and what they were waiting for and expecting. She was ordered to leave the store and the order for goods was handed back to her. She always drove a spirited horse. The gentlemen assisted her politely with her sack of meat, and one untied the horse, and by the time she was seated and had hold of the lines they were in the back of the buggy holding a nice flag over her. She was nearly frantic with rage; her horse became restive and it took all her strength to hold him; she could not stop him and would not have been allowed to if she could. They were determined she should apologize and take back what she had said or they would arrest her, and the quicker she did so the better for her. She finally said she was sorry and begged to be taken home.

Of course she was not sorry but more angry than ever, but did not dare to say any more and concluded to keep still as far as possible for one with such hatred in her heart for the Union and the Flag. In doing this she suffered agony, no doubt. She passed through Toledo to Tama City to do her shopping after this episode, to the great relief of all concerned.

The other ladies engaged in the same work through the county had the same class to contend with and they were to be found as long as the war lasted. I met ladies from every county in the state at Dubuque, where a State Sanitary Fair was held, and their experience was similar to ours. This was the most aggravating thing we had to contend with in our work, so unreasonable, unnatural, disloyal to their own homes and government. It was a test of our good nature and patience.

I will relate but one more circumstance, later on, of the father of the "boy at school." I might fill many pages of like incidents but must speak of another class, the wives, mothers and sisters of our loyal soldiers, whom I also met in my work. We visited each of those even if we knew they could not afford to help us as they would feel hurt if we did not. It was in these homes I found the truest charity and where the noblest generosity was shown; if it was but the "widow's mite" or the mother's all, it was given freely, gladly, lovingly with a prayer for a blessing to go with it to the soldier, from a

heart full of thankfulness that they could do a little if it be but a nickel or a dime. They have done what they could and they will get their reward. It was touching beyond my power to describe the stories of these Iowa women, these mothers, wives, and daughters—their endurance, their hardships, sickness, poverty and deaths, in many families doing the work of the absent father or husband on the farm, saving from his poor salary to pay off a mortgage perhaps or a debt that would soon eat up their home. Such patience, cheerfulness and christian resignation, enduring it all for their country's good, willing to suffer if they must, even more, praying for the end, but working on lovingly, loyally!

Who can tell their story? Who can feel as they felt all through these dreadful years, these grand, noble women? Where are they? God only knows. He will not forget all they endured. They were everywhere in the humblest homes in all our beautiful land. These praying, trusting, loyal, loving women were doing their work nobly, but there were exceptions even here, where occasionally a grumbler or an undeserving wife or mother might be found. In some cases the help from the county had to be withheld, but these were the exception. If these women had children and the county had been giving them aid, the children would be removed to the Home in Davenport and cared for by the State.

A very comfortable home had been established there from what was Benton Barracks. I had occasion to visit this home several times during and after the war. If the soldier's papers were proved to be correct and if the mother was not able or worthy to have the care and education of the soldier's orphans, they had a right to become inmates of this home provided for them. It was made my duty to look after these orphans, or neglected or abused children, as the case might be, and see that they were properly dressed and cared for until sent to the Home, with the consent of the mother if possible, without if necessary. A good, true wife and mother would make every effort to keep her children and they were helped to do so, but that Home was a benediction to many of the soldiers' children whose fathers never came back to care for them, for here they were educated and taught to work. I

made several dangerous trips, once was caught in a flood on my return home and was gone three or four days. Mrs. Dillman made a trip and paid her own expenses in order to visit the children, some of whom had been her pupils, as she wished to see for herself that everything was right.

The year after the war closed I took several more orphans out to the Home and made one more trip at the request of the Governor to make such a visit, spend a day at least and visit each cottage, take dinner with them and send him a written report. I came up to the Home in a hack which waited for me generally to get through my business; this time I asked the driver to come back for me at five and my excuse was that I wished to visit each child as I had brought all a little present. I was very much surprised to meet here at this time a new matron, Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer, whom I last met in Des Moines at the time of the convention where she was so anxious to have our supplies sent to St. Louis. She received me kindly but, I thought at the time, not very cordially. However, I was there for a purpose and was to stay the day out. She showed me all the workings of the Home; I was in each cottage, talked with all our children and ate dinner with them. It was a good one; I remember to this day what we had. I found everything satisfactory and reported accordingly.

We were very busy all this time with our sanitary work, each committee doing its own separate duties grandly. We were having entertainments, oyster suppers, and now working for a fair. Mrs. H. E. Crosby was on the committee on entertainments; she was a host in herself and never failed in any of her undertakings. She was excellent help wherever needed; her husband was a soldier and she was loyal, true and brave. We were anxious to make all we could at our fair. It was winter now and the long evenings were spent in work. We hoped to do as well as the other counties and a little better if we could. Right in the midst of all this enthusiasm we were shocked to hear of the death of Captain Bradford and his brother, Colonel Bradford, at Ft. Pillow. As I am not giving dates or repeating history, the manner of the death of these two brave brothers need not be repeated here. It was more cruel than they had anticipated. They were Masons of high order, but it did not save them from a terrible fate.

Mrs. Bradford was succeeding in her chosen work very nicely and had become more reconciled to her husband's absence when this terrible news reached her. She only knew her husband was killed at the taking of the Fort, nothing more; it was enough to know he was dead and she a widow with two little helpless children, but she did not realize it for sometime. She was nearly unconscious for three days, not receiving nourishment or a drink of water in all that time, nor did tears come to her relief. Her brother never left her. Her young ladies, especially Miss Harrison and Miss Dodd also Miss Woodward, were constantly with her as well as all her other friends. I became quite discouraged, fearing she would never rally. I made some chicken broth and gave the cup to her little Willie and told him to place it to her lips and ask mamma to take it for Willie's sake. I guided the cup while the brother held her in his arms. She opened her eyes as she heard the child's voice pleading and drank it all and the tears came as she saw the child, and as she clasped him in her arms, said, "Oh, Willie, Willie."

The crisis was past but she was as weak as an infant. She rallied slowly; for her children's sake she must live, but must not be told the manner of death which her husband met at the hands of his most cruel foes. She received the tenderest care from this beloved brother and constant attention from her friends, for she had made many since coming among us. I urged her to resume her duties as soon as she was strong enough as this would be best for her, better than medicine, better, far better, than any words of sympathy we might say. We had no words to reach her case. She knew we all loved her if we said nothing and so we let her alone in her sorrow; unless she wished to mention it, we never did. Now she had no coming back of husband and father to look forward to, only a life of loneliness and toil. Was she alone? Were there not thousands of these desolated homes and sorrowing wives all over the North? But each had to carry her own burden of pain and suffering, no kind friend could do it for them, and noble women that they were, each had to take up life's work alone. Many did it grandly, unheeded by the world, no one to sound their praise, not even receiving a helpful, encourag-

ing word, God only knowing their sorrowing days and nights, missing and longing for the one who could never return. Our beloved State was full of orphans and widows, our grand, noble, faithful men were falling in each battle, whether a victory or a defeat, increasing the number and would to the end.

I had received an old trunk from my husband, one he had taken from home, containing several articles, a pistol, a sword and a small drum for Fred (Frank claimed the other implements of war) also a suit of Doctor's clothes he had worn from home. He wrote us these were to be given to or saved for a black boy he would bring home with him when he should ask for a furlough, which would be soon, as the army was moving south now, but his stay must be short and he thought we might look for him at a certain time. We had had the trunk some time and when I looked at the clothes, I wondered what I could do with another boy and he a black one. There was not a colored person in our town or ever had been that I knew of. I had seen Frederick Douglar and several fugitives in New York traveling for dear life toward Canada. My husband and father were always ready to help them to the next station on the "underground railroad," notwithstanding the heavy fine incurred should they be detected.

My grandfather had been a slave owner in Virginia after the Revolutionary war but freed them and later became an abolitionist and a hater of the whole system. I had inherited a heart full of pity for them, but did not know as I should ever see a slave or be able to help one. Now my opportunity was coming.

We had our Fair and considered it a success. Some of the soldiers had brought home pictures of our generals, and my husband had sent me some Confederate money which was a curiosity and sold well, over and over, as did the pictures. When we got our receipts from headquarters in Chicago, we were more than pleased to hear we had sent $700.00 in goods and cash since our meeting, or convention, in Des Moines, and the officers of the commission assured us our donations were equal to any others and all our goods were of a superior order, which was very gratifying to our president who had

been so very careful that the best only should be sent to our boys, everything else being discarded and used at home wherever needed. We all felt relieved and encouraged to go on with the good work, which must not stop as long as we had a sick, suffering soldier in a hospital anywhere, and there were many and the number increasing all the time. It was so satisfactory to know our goods reached their destination through the christian and sanitary commissions. We now saw the wisdom of changing from St. Louis to Chicago as a point for distribution, as these commissioners were posted all the time and knew where the sick were located.

Too much praise cannot be given these indomitable workers, yet we heard little about them or of the thousands that worked night and day to secure these supplies, many denying themselves the necessaries and comforts of life in order to help in this noble work. Here were sacrifices equal to the "army nurses" who could have done but little without the supplies sent by the wives and mothers who were practicing self-denial all the time and suffering untold sorrow, with sleepless nights and weary days, caring for their fatherless, helpless children in many cases, but working and struggling on to relieve those that lived to suffer far from home. More noble women were never heard of than were these dear Iowa women in war times. I was in their homes, I knew their circumstances, saw their tears and heard of their self-denials and struggles to keep the wolf from the door, but their heartaches I could not hear of, they could not be told. God's ear only was open to their cry of agony for help divine and this was all many of them got, but this was help indeed. Human sympathy would have been very sweet and appreciation and recognition from their fellow creatures and their government would have helped to alleviate some of the pain endured by these dear women, but they did not expect it and so were not disappointed and now do not need it, as many, very many have gone to meet their soldier husband or son, where war is no more and all is peace, eternal peace. They surely have their reward. God did not forget or forsake them if they were but his humblest and poorest children; they were his own; they did what they could and I call them heroes all.